



Drunken Patriot.

AS a patriot I'm bred, I'll a patriot behave;
My bucks I'm damn'd honest and free,
As for rules they're for fools, I'll be nobody's slave,
The Minister must do for me.

If he does not, nor cannot, for that's all the same,
But leaves me to sink or to swim,
If he don't do for me, when I send in my name,
Why, damme, then I'll do for him.

If George did but tip me a place or a post,
If I did not clear all, I'll be eurst,
I'll take care that nothing shall ever be lost,
Of myself tho' I'll take care the first.

The government's tools to a man I would shift,
Corruption's the nation's disgrace,
The Treasury's Lord, why I'd turn him adrift,
And whip myself plump in his place.

The national debt I'll wet sponge it away,
The sinking fund that I would drown,
And when we bold Britons have nothing to pay,
Why then all our money's our own.

As to Scotchmen, I'll scotch them all off, never fear,
The are Jacobites all to a man,
Pray tell me what business have such fellows here?
I'm a Briton, and hate ev'ry clan.

They have nothing to do with our meat and our drink,
I grant you they're clever, but still
We're ten times more clever, if we'd but think,
And one time or other we will.

Like foxes I'll hunt Presbyterians to church,
For, zounds, we'll be all orthodox,
The subsidy princes I'll leave in the lurch,
And stock-jobbers set in the stocks.

As to pulpit palaver, why that's all a sham,
No priestcraft shall e'er do for me,
I will or I won't, a free agent I am,
And I'll only believe what I see.

If clergy and commons and lords will but join,
Our national debt to pay off,
And let us, gratis, have women and wine,
Why then we may do well enough.

My friends I'll provide for, and thus I'll begin,
Archbishop of York shall make room,
His pulpit I've promis'd to honest Jack Wilkes,
And Lord Chancellor's seat to my groom.

My grand buck at drinking shall admiral be,
I've judgment in all I design,
He surely must prove best commander at sea,
Who's best at an ocean of wine.

Now as to land service, excise I'll disband,
And I'll banish the watch from the street,
Betwixt York and London no turnpike shall stand,
And I'll burn the King's Bench and the Fleet.

As to smugglers, why curse on the customhouse tribe,
Of placemen I'll soon make an end,
I'll hang the first fellow I find take a bribe,
Except 'twas a buck and my friend.

So now for a toast, flay, what toast shall we have?
Liberty and no more?
Who won't pledge it I'm sure is a slave,
A slave is a son of a whore.

That's the fashion in town,
To be free,

Have none
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